ouerthrowen that had no power to releue themselfe. & than set they theyr handes to the brygh̄t swerdes of stele/ & there was grete noyse of the dede/ and of them that were hurte. On that other partye ꝑ kynge of bry tayne faught whiche was fallen of his hors in the ba tayll/ and was rygh̄t sore bruised/ but that Ponthus came vpon hym of auenture/ & whan he sawe the kyng on ꝑ erth & his hors aboue his body/ it nedeth not to aske yf he was rygh̄t sory and heuy. And wete wel that he was in waye to be deed/ ne had bē Royart de ronge/ & Mountfort/ and the lorde of Clymeus these thre amonge other susteyned the grete dede/ & suffred moche. But Ponthus set his body in auenture to re scue his lord/ and set his hande on his swerde & smote on the rygh̄t hande & on the left sleynge men & horses & dyde dedes of armes/ so that al meruaylled of hym gretely & so moche he dyde that all sledde with his stro kes. In lytell whyle he departed the grete prees with the helpe of Harlant the seneschall and his colyn ger mayne Polydes/ these two felawes sewed hym what partye that euer he wente. And Ponthus dyde so mo che of armes that he rescowed the kynge/ & alygh̄t to helpe hym vp agayne. The kynges rygh̄t arme was broken & rygh̄t suyll ledde for he was rygh̄t olde and bruised/ for he was of an hondred yere of age & more. but he had ben a rygh̄t good knygh̄t and of grete cou rage/ on horsbacke was he set maugre his enemyes. Whan Ponthus apperceyued that his arme was bro ken. So sente they hym out of the batayll wolde he or not/ & was withdrawen. And the batayll was rygh̄t cruell on that one syde & on that other And Ponthus beheelde that the batayll on the best syde had moche a

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do/where the erle of Dongres was Gautyer de rays Bernarde de la roche. Geffrey dauncemys. Bryaunt de quyntyn. Mountfort/& many other barons of bry tayne whiche were ouerthrowen & were in grete auen ture to be deed or taken. For ayenst one bryton was .x. of the saracynes/but aboue all set he hym in grete de= fence Bernarde de la roche. Than sayd Ponthus/se our folke whiche haue grete nede of helpe/go we and relcue them/than smote they the hors with the spores theyr swerdes in theyr handes/& came so styffely that they trusshed all tofore them. And Ponthus wente to fore them sleynge all that euer he smote/& bette and slewe and maymed folke so moche that the hardyest made hym waye. So dyde they so moche within a ly= tell whyle that they recouered our folke & put the sara synes to flyght wolde they or not. And made them to resorte agayne in to the greate batayll whiche was ryght greuous and perylous for the grete nombre of paynyms the whiche smote vpon the crysten mennes helmes. Kynge Karados helde with grete dystres the erle of Mans/and the lorde of Craon/and had ouer= thrown them and many of the manceaus and heru poys/as Hamelyn de sylle. Geruays de la porte. Thy bault de mathelelon. Peter de doncelles. Sauary de la hay. Gerarde de chateau goutyer. Guyllam de ro= ches. Geffrey de lesygnen/and Vconcel. But they de= fended them on fote/& were assembled whiche auay= led them moche. Androwe de la toure/and Bertram de donne sette grete payne for to recouer them/but there was so grete prees of saracynes/and soo grete a folke that vnnethes myght they come to them/tyll that Guyllam de roches sawe Ponthus whiche that

made the renges to shake with the helpe that sewed hym. Syrrus sede le ponder a greate partye of our barons the whiche ben on fote. Than smote they on that syde/and brake the prees in suche wyse that they recouered the erle and theym the whiche had nede/& ryght soone they were on horsbacke agayne. And thā the batayll began ryght cruell/for at that tyme there was none that wolde besene a cowarde. Grete crye & grete hewynge there was on euery partye. And kynge

Karados dyd grete & meruayllous dedes of armes/he & Broalys/& Corbatan his vncle. Tho were ỳ thre knyghtes of all the sarasyns whiche sustey ned most theyr folke/makynge ỳ grete stoures and the grete dydes of armes & whiche most releued agayne in theyr grete nede.

¶ How the kynge Karados was dyscomfyted by Pon thus & his folke.

Ponthus behelde the kynge whiche dyde ryght
grete dedes of armes & sawe hym ryght ryche
ly armed with perles & precyous stones/& vpon his
helme a ryche crowne of golde/and slewe many of the
crysten people/and had ouerthrowen Guyllam de ro-
ches/& slayne Guyllam de dygnan/and bette downe
many knyghtes & wouñded. Than sayd he to Androwe
fayre lorde what an aduersary haue we of that kynge
& of his two knyghtes whiche be besyde hym/yf they
dure longe they wyll do vnto vs moche harme. And
yf these thre myght be sette on fote or to the deth/it se-
meth me that we sholde haue ỹ hygher hande of them
Syr sayd Androwe de la toure/go to that one/& we
shall go to the other two. Than sayd Ponthus I shall
go to ỹ kynge/& put me in auenture of all his strength
And he wente forth & gaue the kynge so grete a stroke
that he bette hym downe of his hors to the erth/& at
the fallynge he brake his canell bone. And Androwe
bette downe Broalys/& smote of his ryght arme that
he dyed withall. And Harlant the seneschall smote Cor-
batan agayne soo felonly that he bette hym downe/&
whan these thre were defowled it nedeth not to aske
yf the sarasynes were abasshed/for the dyscomfyture
was there ryght grete/& all theyr power was fallen/
& they dwelled as shepe without shepeherd. Than to
ke they them to dyscomfyture and to fese londe. And
than our crysten folke toke boldenes vpon them and
to haue the crye of them/so slewe they many of them
from thens forth. The kynge myght vnnethes releue
agayne/so slewe hym one that bare the lyon that was
Reynault de vytre or deglysson I wote neuer. The sa
rasynes wyste not where to flee or to hyde thē. On ỹ

coost towarde the nauy was a ryghte grete floure of
saracynes / whiche wyste not yet of the deth of theyr
kynge / & had bette downe Baulaye mayle. Geruays
danet / the mount Johñ / & payne de rochefort / & there
helde they strayghtly our folke. But whan they sawe
theyr folke slayne / they meruaylled moche / & whan
our folke w̄ whome they fought / sawe them affrayed
they toke herte to them / & ranne vpon them. And also
there came to relcowes Geffrey de lelygnen / & leoncel
the herupoys and brytons so many / that they made
them to leue the place / & there was grete slaughter of
paynymes and of saracynes.

¶ How the saracynes were ouercomen & drowned.

Onthus dyde meruayllous dedes of armes /
for he slewe folke & also hors / & all that he .oke

with the stroke was deed defouled or beten downe his shelde was to all presented/he departed the grete strokes with his bryght swerde. So ioyned there theym togyder Geffrey de lesygnen. Androwe leoncel. Guyllam de roches. Bernarde la roche/& Harlant the sene shall. And whan they were assembled togyder they dyde meruayllous dedes of armes/for there where they sawe the grete prees/they bette in & broke in amonge theym/and made theym to make waye how that euer it happed with theyr swerdes of stele/ none ne durste abyde them. And Ponthus whiche dyde meruayllous dedes of armes was knowen by the strokes whiche he departed on the ryght syde and on the lefte So cryed he vnto them/they be dyscomfyted the paynymes whiche were as bestes without shepherde/for theyr kynge & theyr capytaynes where tho deed/soo coube they take no good counseyll ne set noo remedy in them/& so they lete themselfe be all to hewen. So was there within a lytell whyle suche slaughter that all the feldes were strawed with deed men and with maymed/& they fledde towarde the nauy/& drowned them in the water/and our folke pursewed theym & made them to be drowned & perysshed. Ponthus toke a lytell vessell/& slewe well a.xxx. whiche hasted them for to saue theym/& toke foure all on lyue/and asked them where the tresour & the ryches of ꝑ kynge was And they shewed hym a fayre shyppe/& than he sayd lede me theder or ye shall dye/& they ledde hym thyder. And Ponthus & his cosyn germayne Polydes & seuen of his felawshyp sterte in to the shyppe & slewe & cast out all that they founde therin in to the water

So loked they the cofers where as the kynges golde was and his ſyluer/fayre felowes kepe me this veſſell ſayd Ponthus to his ſeuen felowes/and I wyll ſe yet yf there be ony yet that wyll lyfte vp the heed ayenſt vs. Than lepte he out of the ſhyppe and came to the londe by a veſſell/but there was none that defended hym but all were ſlayne or drowned. Brytons herupoys. Tozengeaus. Manſeaus/poyteuynes/and noz mans ranne in to the ſhyppes/and in to the veſſelles and the other ſerched the tentes and the paulyons/ and there was none ſo pooze bue that he had ynough and that one moze than that other. Men ſerched the feldes euerych foz his frendes. And they founde the vycount of Iuerences deed. And Johñ paynell. Turnebeef/and the lozde of villyers ſo made the nozmans grete lozowe foz they were good knyghtes. And what of the Manſeaus. Hongres de beaumount. Margeron/and the lozde of doncelles. And Amaulry de ſylly Of the herupoys Gallos de mountereul. Rowlande de chenulle. Endes de penaunces/& Freſylde la hay. Of poyteuynes Gautyer de chateau neuf. Andzowe de montagu and Hubault de la fozeſt. And of the bryztons. Peter de duel. Raoul le reis Johñ dauauger. harby de leon. Huberte de dygnan. Godfrey de roham. Fubzey de rays/and many other good knyghtes/euerych made theyr frendes foz to be bozne in to theyr coũtre/and the hurte foz to be kepte. Ponthus made the grete ſhyppe/and the grete treſoure foz to come vnto his place at vennes. And he departed grete foyſon vnto good knyghtes/and vnto the good folke of armes ſo largely/that he was ryght hyghly prayſed

and alowed therfore. The kynge was withdrawen a gayne to quyperconentyne/ & there assembled al ỹ gre te lordes. The kynge feested the straungers/ & gaue them grete gyftes/after that euery mā was of degre And than he sayd vnto them/lordes ye be come gra-mercy vnto you/in to goddes seruyce/ & in to the ser-uyce of the holy chyrche and of the poore people. And by the grace of the hyghe lorde & by your grete pro-wesses and hardynes ye haue delyuered this countre of mysbyleuers whiche wolde haue dystroyed our ho ly la we. And it is sothe that his purueyaunce hath gy uen you this holy gyft and this grace/ for ayenst one of you there was syxe of them. So ought we with all our hertes to thanke god. And after that spake they ynough of them whiche had done best/ & sette grettest remedy & dyde & suffred grettest dedes of armes but without comparyson Ponthus had the loos & sayd al with one voyce that he had ouercome al. And so gaue they the grete pryce vnto Geffrey de lesygnen/to An dro we de la toure/ & vnto bernarde de la roche. And that they thre were after Ponthus whiche moost had suffred & gretest dedes had done of armes/ & many o-ther there were whiche had done ryght well/but lon-ge sholde it be to tell the prowesse of them. Thre day es the kynge withheld theym & feested theym & gaue them fayre gyftes to eche of theym after that he was. And after that toke they leue of the kynge. And Pon thus conueyed them as ferre as he myght.

How the crysten men retourned in theyr cōtrees. And of the grete chere that Sydoyne made to Pon-thus her welbeloued knyght at Uennes.